THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Before thy mystic Altar, heavenly Truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth:
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay
And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray:
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bounds, without consuming glow.
SIR W. JONES.

Ideas, which in all men may be said to be pictures drawn from the great original whence they are derived, ought, of themselves, to elevate the mind to dignity and purity. But, slaves to our passions and warped by pernicious education, we seldom open our eyes except to behold objects of a gaudy and transient nature. Our teachers, as soon as we are susceptible of such reflections, are not careful enough to instruct us, that the figure of this world is changeable, and that the soul, in preference to all other things, merits our regard. Where are the masters who, when we are gazing upon a plant or an insect, seize the occasion to bring our Creator to remembrance?—Who, betimes teach us to pant after heaven, to despise this world, and to enjoy no other satisfaction than that of retaining GOD in all our thoughts, and of seeking him *in* ourselves where he principally delights to dwell?—Exercises of this kind are deemed so chimerical that, peradventure, my readers already consider me as a mere dreamer: yet if we make a scrutiny into the origin, nature, and purpose of our *being*, such a system of education as is herein hinted at, will appear to be not only rational but essential. The end of all education, whether of the affluent or the indigent, of the powerful or the weak, ought to be the exaltation of the mind. The ideas of all ought to be so corrected, their thoughts so purified and directed, as that Eternity would be the first and the last object of attention. If the ambition and application of a child be excited by continually placing before his eyes the greatness of his family and the exploits of his forefathers, with how much more propriety might he be prompted to emulation and virtue by being taught that the soul comes from GOD, that it subsists in GOD, and that it has to return to GOD?

All our ideas are linked together in a certain association or chain. The mode of seeing things in old age, is, perhaps, nothing more than a regular consequence of the first impressions received during childhood. Objects of the most trifling import greatly influence our perceptions and our thoughts; and life itself may, without impropriety, be termed a medley of innumerable circumstances and events. The most illustrious enterprise, the most daring display of human art might, generally, be traced back to a simple expression, perhaps to a mere glance of the eye. How often has it happened that a word which, apparently, scarcely arrested the attention when uttered, has, afterwards, become the cause of our prejudices, the formation of our tastes, the regulation of our conduct, and perhaps, the motive of our vocations? How many men might be named whose *fortunes* have been decided by a visit, by a discourse, by a look?

They, undoubtedly, upon whom the care of youth devolves, may well be alarmed by such observations as these, and more particularly would they be alarmed if by them they were led to believe that all care and circumspection afterwards will be thrown away. The soul of a child may be said to be put into the hands of the nurse or preceptor, who degrades or elevates it according to those ideas which are early instilled into it.—Every thing about the nurse or the master speaks, every thing teaches, every thing is significant. That race of sensual and effeminate mortals that know no other eternity than the days they squander away, no other immensity than the place they inhabit, no other infinity than that which is *contained* in their own thoughts, are a striking evidence of the wretched education they have received. The understanding or spirit sinks without effort into the sphere of sensitive life when it is not stirred up; in the same manner as the spark is shut up in the flint for the want of a friendly collision to effect its escape. Hence that paucity of great and liberal ideas so obvious every where, appears to be *because* those to whose lot it should fall to reform a nation are men of vulgar minds,—in other words, because minds which ought to soar beyond the stars grovel in the dust.

Instead, however, of indulging reflections to humiliate and afflict us, let us turn our eyes towards those whom a happy cultivation of intellect has freed from the weeds of mundane gratifications. One of this cast may be compared to a giant running a bright career and extending himself to the utmost bounds of heaven without pause, and without interruption. Those confused ideas which swarm about the world and engender wrong opinions, proceed from a sensual and groveling spirit; but lucid and correct ideas are begotten in the minds of such as explore, by diving deep into, and by elevating, themselves. Hence we perceive that in truly *great* men, whatever excites our admiration manifests a systematic arrangement and a beautiful chain of order. Of this description might be cited many works wherein more genius is displayed than in splendid negociations and high-sounding exploits. In the perusal of *such* works (which it is not necessary to enumerate and which I do not name from a fear of being misunderstood) we are astonished to find how far the researches of the upright, inquiring mind may be extended. Well would it be for the boastful *free-thinkers* of the day, who style these la-

bours of the *truly* learned, dreams of the imagination, if they were willing or indeed able to follow them in their pursuits! Then might they witness how the passions become spiritualized, the senses silenced, the body humbled, and the soul exalted.

It is not however denied that all understandings possess not the capacity of contemplating things with the same degree of penetration. GOD, who is immense in his productions, has not, it is conjectured, made two grains of sand *alike*, nor created two minds perfectly *equal;* but forasmuch as this difference is only *in degree*, every man may, if he will, become detached from the material world; and, according to his mental powers, soar far beyond this perishable world. Even the illiterate peasant who appears so ignorant and so dull, knows how to abstract his thoughts from the objects around him, and can imagine an instant of *time* when the heavens and the earth shall be dissolved: the successive revolutions of the seasons serve to convince *him* that the world, since it had a beginning, must also have an end; and that nothing is eternal but GOD. Moreover, what man, by means of numbers and of days (which he may continually multiply) is not able to form an idea of that which is everlasting and without limits? VIRTUE, *therefore*, is productive of the greatest ideas; and were men to study to discover them, their actions would uniformly be the result of right reason; and that vanity which alone, in the present day is considered as real dignity, would vanish away and leave room for pure magnanimity of mind. Our eyes would no longer be offended by such proud wretches as confound greatness and imbecility; but on the contrary we should meet with disinterested people, who would strive to render dignity of mind respected: Instead of being shocked by such vulgar and miserable creatures as beg for honours in order to make themselves of some account; we should find *heroes* who would blush at wearing the plumes of borrowed glory: We should not be offended by the sight of *rational* beings who place their superiority in the contemptible possessions of equipage and dress; but gratified by the view of sages whose ambition consists in acquiring knowledge and in studying the public good.

Perish forever those ideas which aspire not after true greatness!—The world is entitled to pity; but it has this claim only because it views objects on the wrong side. Under this error the opulent have nothing in view but honors to gain,—the indigent nothing but wretchedness and affliction to suffer. Virtue is slighted as austere, or, at least, importunate, by those who, unbridled, are running after reputation and offering up incense on her shrine. If sublime ideas were the patrimony of great minds,—such ideas I mean, as ascend to their origin, and which respect only their relation with eternity,—I scruple not to say, that there would scarcely be a man in any post of dignity, who, when deprived of his office, would not consider himself merely as a common individual. Amongst the multitude of such as, by the world, are denominated *great men*, the dignity of office is a kind of lethargic disease which benumbs the spirit and unfits it for more important concerns.—Their seeing and hearing are so entirely *material* that the reward of all their inquiries is an answer of *death*. They ought to rise upon the ruins of the passions; but alas! the passions themselves predominate!

CARAC.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors,

I intended to send the inclosed directly to SAM SAUNTER; but not being able to find Lounger's Court in the Directory, I concluded SAM had named a fictitious abode, that he might in private learn whether his project would succeed or not: as there is no doubt of this, I think his precaution unnecessary.—I have taken the liberty to trouble you with the delivery of this letter, if his real residence be known to you; if not, by insertion in your miscellany, it will doubtless find him, and a favour will be conferred on Yours, &c.

P. O.

DEAR SAM,

Words cannot express my satisfaction at reading the description of your projected lounge. The extensiveness of the plan charmed me beyond all comparison; but, my dear fellow, there was a sad omission, which must be only an error in the description, owing to thy careless ease which I am too fond of myself to condemn. When you come to erect the building, I trust your plan will embrace that ancient, numerous, and respectable body of Loungers, the sleepers —how I long for an elbow-chair in their apartment! Thyself, I perceive, art no contemptible member of our community; and ALLEN! commend me to him! nobly supports our cause. What convincing truth appears in every line! I hope soon to see the meed of praise bestowed on the seven sleepers, once so celebrated; they must have been great philosophers, since they not only found out wherein consisted true happiness, but also the means of enjoying it in an unbroken slumber of years! what a pity, that the art should die with them! I put the piece with no small exultation into the hands of Joe Brisky (a nickname given him from a Polish king of some such name who got up early to do mischief, and harass his fellow creatures, and whom Joe was fond of quoting to prove, as he would say, how much might be done by any one who rightly employs his time.) Now Joe is one of your saucy calculators, always busy; and he sometimes presumes to give me a lecture. I was, on that account, glad of an opportunity to *set him down*, and expected to see him *knock under* as soon as he had read ALLEN'S clear demonstrations; but instead of that, he obstinately persisted in defending his errors: for, like Goldsmith's schoolmaster, "Even though vanquish'd he could argue still." To show how determined he is to justify his ever-restless disposition, and condemn every one who differs from him in opinion, I will give you a specimen of the arguments he made use of. "Poor ALLEN," said he, "appears very solicitous to defend what he feels to be wrong, because, like thyself PHIL, he hath not the courage to reform. He has, I own, displayed some ingenuity in a bad cause; but observe how poorly he calculates, and how weak are his arguments, more flimsy than the "Spider's most attenuated web:"—he says, that 10 hours in a day are enough, for the pursuit of wealth, and that the best of mortals would find half of it sufficient for all the purposes of charity.—This I allow—then, according to ALLEN'S own account, there are but nine hours left for all the other purposes of life, a portion of time much less than what thou consumest out of every twenty-four in drowsy slumbers. He urges the necessity of relaxation, to which I subscribe: it is not, however, the quantum of repose and vacant amusement that is so important, as their proper alternation with industrious toil and studious thought. Thou, PHIL, losing the

breezy freshness of the morn to indulge in feverish slumbers and dozing dreams, till the bell summon us to breakfast, feelest the oppressive languor of the noon-tide heat more sensibly than I do, whose rising is with the sun; neither does the evening find me more weary than thyself; yet when our habits of life were similar, thou couldst boast of superior strength. The experience of ages asserts that the morning lounge is unfriendly to health—and thy apparent lassitude on rising tends to confirm it. The laborious of our fellow citizens, for whose comforts ALLEN expresses such tender solicitude, are generally early risers.—Those who have nothing to fatigue them through the day, are most apt to hug the morning pillow. And can ALLEN hope to convince us, that the mind is capable of exerting its energy amid the dozings of indolence? Buffon is not the only witness against it. Never have I heard of Philosopher or Poet, who chose the morning bed for the place of contemplation. Even ALLEN himself, I suspect, composed not his defence of the practice during a lounge he so loudly applauds: and if the repose of the night hath been insufficient to recruit his spirits and endue his mind with the serenity it is wont to possesss, I fear he will look for it in vain from "a little more slumber, a little more sleep, a little more folding of the arms together." Here I interrupted Joe, for I was tired of hearing him run on so, arguing just for the sake of argument; but it was always his way, never to give up the point though never so wrong. If he were not blinded by prejudice, he would see that nature herself points out the advantage of much sleep, by so liberally dispensing its balmy influence to harmless childhood—a period when the workings of ambition and unruly passions do not counteract her operations: so that he was quite out in drawing such conclusions from his better health. He must know also that people's constitutions are apt to alter. That rising early does not insure health, I could prove by many cases—for one, there's Bill Boozy who gets up by peep of day, yet he is so weak, and trembles so, that he has to take a dram before his nerves are in a state to enable him to do any business. Now if Bill would lie in bed till nine or ten in the morning, instead of dram-drinking, his nerves would soon acquire their proper tone, and no longer need a sling to put them aright. I am convinced all his ailings proceed from exposure to the sharpness of the morning air, or *breezy freshness*, as Joe calls it, and which he cracks up as being so salutary. In support of this opinion I could if necessary quote scripture which says "Wo unto them who rise up early to follow strong drink." These arguments, though conclusive, would have no weight with him; nay, so fond is he of quirks and sophisms, that no doubt he would try to make even those speak on his side; now as it is too much for a lover of ease and quiet to be always hunting for proof to put down so positive an opponent, and as I expect the debating Loungers have always by them a store of arguments for every subject, I would take it very kind if thou wouldst procure me a bundle, to deal out against Joe whenever he gets upon his old strain.—But this is not the main object of my letter, which is to persuade you to set about Lounger's Hall immediately, and set down ALLEN and myself as subscribers to two elbow-chairs each, with cushions (one to rest the feet on.) It is unnecessary to mention that our lounge should be as far as possible removed from the wranglings of the debating club or any other sleep-forbidding cause: for, to adopt the language of Dr. B—— of Virginia, in his Inaugural Thesis, "It appears to me that there is no part of our existence in which we enjoy more pleasure, and from which we derive more beneficial effects than we do from sleep."

Thine, most somniferously
And soporifically,
PHIL ONEIRATOS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ON SOLITUDE.

Oh Solitude! how sweet are thy charms! to leave the busy world, and retire to thy calm shades, is surely the most extatic pleasure that a contemplative mind can enjoy. Then, undisturbed by those who are fond of splendour, and who prefer pomp and ease to solid pleasure, it may enjoy that peace which is rarely to be found in the courts of the great.

Solitude affords us time for reflection, and the objects around us, incite us to contemplate and adore our great Creator, who has, in his infinite goodness, created and endowed us with reason; who taught us that it was him alone, whom we ought to fear, love, honour, and obey.

In solitude the contemplative mind enjoys a variety of pleasing sensations, which improves it, and renders it alive to all the various beauties which we find displayed in the great book of nature.

Blest solitude! may I never forget the advantages which may be derived from devoting a part of my time to thee, but continue sensible of thy great value.

TACITUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

SONNET ON J. SMITH—BY DR. COOPER.

No more for SMITH shall science shed her ray;
Strains live the immortal offspring of the lyre;
Beauty her chaste and blushing form display,
Or sacred friendship light her mutual fire.

No more for him shall morn impearl the plain;
With solar glories noon array his car;
Grey eve diffuse her sweetly pensive reign;
Or star-crown'd night with silence brood the air:

Harmonious spring her odorous flowers unfold;
Summer shoot wide her ripening rays and warm;
Rejoicing autumn pour his fruits of gold;
Or winter ride sublime, the bellowing storm:

For cold he lies the matted sod beneath,
And youth and virtue yield to conquering death.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors,

I take your correspondent who calls himself HALF FORTY to be a little out in his reckoning—to judge from the puerility of his thoughts, and his awkward manner of expressing them, I should take him to be a youth of half twenty-eight, who blusters from a mistaken supposition that it will make his beard grow.

I am however willing to hope, that previously to his coming forward again before the public, his passions will be "*dislocated,*" his sentiments revised and corrected, and his notions of propriety reduced to the standard of common decency.

To use arguments for the reformation of a chit who is but just done licking the pap-spoon, would be encroaching upon the prerogatives of a birch. I shall therefore leave it to the mamma of this pocket Hercules to administer to his necessities: but beg leave to recommend the prohibition of offensive weapons until he acquires their use theoretically, lest they should rebound upon his own head: thus, for example,

"*The writer of these remarks was not influenced by vindictive motives.*"

This assertion of non-vindictiveness is "*dislocated*" in the same breath by an acknowledgement of virulence.

Hang to thy mother's apron-string a few years longer, attend to her counsel, then consult thy dictionary, study decorum, and when thou art full forty try again.

A FRIEND TO PROPRIETY.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

Having lately had some warm disputing with an old fashioned Don about dress and such like, and not being able to agree, I concluded to apply to you for information. You must know then that I am lately from the country, and apprenticed to a merchant, and wishing to make a creditable appearance, want to know something about the fashions.

Pray then, gentlemen, in the first place, should not a man, summer and winter, carry at least ten times as much clothing as a woman, for the reason that he is stronger and better able to bear it?

Should not every sprig of his hair be cut off behind, where it is of no manner of use, and be suffered to flow in ringlets over the face, to guard the eyes, and shade the forehead, nose, &c. from the weather? Are not whiskers useful in strengthening and keeping the jaws warm?

Should a summer great coat have ten capes, or only six? Are not the new fashioned bag sleeves very convenient and graceful? Does a man who wears them look as if his arms were bolstered and poulticed on account of sores? Were they ever intended to hide deformed or withered limbs, or broken bones?

Were they invented to facilitate shop lifting and pilfering, by furnishing a ready retreat for whatever may be purloined, either from the counter or the pocket, whether a watch, a pocket book, a bolt of linen, or a dozen of straw knives?

Are they an ingenious contrivance to hide the itch—that vulgar pest which, ever and anon, riots on dirty fingers?

Are they in reality meant merely to correct the defects of nature, by lengthening out the arms to the true proportion, to make man more nearly resemble the monkey, that knowing, active, smerky creature?

Were they designed to keep the hands warm? or cold? and how long and wide should they be, to be the tippy? should they reach to the anckle bone? or only to the calf of the leg? and be capacious enough to contain three, or only two bushels each?

Were they meant to answer the purpose of knapsacks? and if so, will they not be in the way of fighting? and would not the new-fashioned breeches pouch be a more convenient place for stowing and carrying a "soldier's all?"

How many folds and wrinkles should there be in a genteel sleeve? and how many between the shoulders of a well made coat? and also, how wide should the skirts gap behind, in order to exhibit the breeches pouch to advantage? And again, how much should the pouch of a fashionable pair of breeches or pantaloons be calculated to contain, over and above the flesh and bones of the wearer? four bushels? or only two? and how far should the pouch project in a horizontal line from the main rump? two feet, or only one? and should it hang down in drapery form, or be drawn to a handsome projectile peak? How high should these galligaskins reach above the centre? to the chin? with holes cut in the *waist-band* to let the *arms* out? or should they stop at the arm-pits, to leave room for a vest still higher up?—How long should a commodious vest be? six inches? or only three? and should it have three buttons? or, but one? Should sleeves have any seams in them?

Is not a black dress, especially of stout woollen cloth, cooler and more comfortable for hot weather than a light coloured one of cotton or silk? and are not fireproof boots much more suitable for summer wear than shoes? and should not their tops tend pretty well upwards, in pursuit of the waist-band and vest? and not stop abruptly at the knees, as if docked and skimped, but preserve a stately, graceful course, up to the fork?

Are thick stumpy legs, or long spindle shanks most in fashion? Should legs have calves to them? and if so, cannot a spare leg be helped by stuffing a bit of wool, or cotton, or rags within the stockings? I mean this to be done only when a body is in his undress; in full dress he will have no occasion for it, as then his coat, pantaloons, boots, &c. will sufficiently hide his native form, and give symmetry to his person; and it cannot be wrong to adopt such contrivances as are now in vogue, to counteract the gallimaufry shapes of nature.

Do you know of any body who wants a *genteel* apprentice? I should like to change my place to some store where there's nothing to do—for I understand it's not fashionable to sweep out the store, brush the dust from the goods, run of errands and so on—and where I now am, my master expects me to do all such vulgar things. Should not merchants' apprentices wear silk gloves? and be at liberty to gallant the girls of afternoons?

Oh! I had like to have forgotten to ask the proper dimensions for the diameter of fire-proof boots—I observe that in some instances it scarcely exceeds twice the size of the leg—should it not be rather more spacious to be convenient?—And again, what is the rule for forming the square and turn up of the toes? One of my fellow apprentices says the square should be an inch, and the curl two, for every foot of a man's height; to which I beg leave to add an amendment, by proposing that, by way of counterpoise, the heel should project to an equal distance t'other way; so that one's leg might stand like a mast in a boat; in which case there would certainly be less danger of oversetting in squalls.

One or two more questions, and I'll have done. Pray how much should a genteel shirt collar be elevated above the ears? I know that ears require that shelter; but should it not also envelope the temples, and project a little matter or so forward of the nose, after the way and fashion of blind-halters, to preserve us from the dangers and inconvenience of gaping about, and from sudden frights? And, in order to keep a man in one steady course, that is, from turning to the right hand and to the left, which you know was forbidden of old, should not the collar be made of sheet iron, rather than of buckram, as is now the practice?

Yours,

JONATHAN PLUMPUDDING.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE SYLPH.

Now, in robes of verdure dress'd,
SPRING resumes her gentle reign:
New-born raptures swell the breast,
Pleasure sweetly smiles again.

WINTER's icy chain withdrawn,
Angry tempests howl no more.
Flora strews with flowers the lawn
Genial skies her powers restore.

Fragrance from the budding trees
On the wings of zephyr float;
And the undulating breeze
Wafts the piping shepherd's note.

Lambs along the enamell'd mead
"Frisking ply their feeble feet"*
(Doom'd, alas, by man to bleed)
Spring's approach with gambols greet.

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* Gray.

Now beside the limpid stream,
Where the babbling waters play,
Sporting in the lunar beam,
Sylphs and wanton fairies stray;

On the lake's still bosom sail
In the acorn's buoyant shell,
While along the echoing vale
Strains of airy music swell:—

Or, in Fancy's sportive vein,
Dance the dewy glade along,
While each neighbouring hill and plain
Rings with many a jocund song.

When the lark is soaring high,
And the sunbeams gild the scene,
To their secret haunts they fly,
And forsake the verdant green:

Or, unseen by mortal eye,
Hover round the peasant's head,
And partake the heartfelt joy
That illumes his humble shed.

From the glittering palace driven,
There Content delights to dwell,
And the smiles of fav'ring heaven
Beam refulgent round his cell.

Happy is the peasant's lot,
Far above the sons of pride;
Happy is his humble cot,
Genuine pleasures there reside.

Child of Virtue! round thy head
Health her roseate wreathe shall twine;
Affluence, on her golden bed,
Well may envy bliss like thine.

Lo! on yonder rocky height
Dancing Sylphs salute the moon:
There I wing my rapid flight
To enjoy night's festive noon.

ARIEL.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors,

A production which appeared in your last number signed HALF FORTY is so fraught with illiberal sentiments and strikes so unqualified a stroke at the whole female sex, that we are led to wonder whence so ignorant or so malicious a writer could have sprung; had it not been for his signature and the puerile cast of his sentiments, one would have suspected they had been the overflowings of some chagrined old bachelor, whose want of merit had made him an unsuccessful candidate for a wife; that according to his own sentiments he had *assumed* virtues" which he *did not* possess, and the fair object of his desire having rather too much penetration, discovered, under the "*livery*" of virtue, the heart of a hypocrite. But I will consider him in the most favourable point of view and attribute to ignorance and want of reflection, what will generally be attributed to malice or "Envy," the shameful effects of which he has so *elaborately* displayed for, no "such emotions" as called forth his letter *can* "dwell in noble" and cultivated minds.

Viewing him therefore in this light, we can easily account for his malignity towards PHILENIA, whose subject is far from an "indifferent" one! and whose letter, an unprejudiced inhabitant of New York might not call either "illiberal or absurd" it is more than probable he is one of those irreverent loungers who infest the doors of places of public worship even in our city, & frequently behave in a manner unbecoming the solemnity of divine service. I think this conclusion respecting him cannot be called either "illiberal or absurd" when my readers recollect that he has used all the *little sophistry* he was master of, to prove such an inconsistent practice "*not only innocent but advantageous.*"

He says, he "believes that if the practice" of standing round places of worship to view the females "were abolished, we should have few practically religious young ladies to be found;" from this he would draw this reference, that thus viewing them makes them practically religious. Assembling to worship, says he, is an ordinance of the divine law, and asserts that the practice alluded to effectually tends to draw the attention of young people to the performance of worship, and consequently that it must be proper. What profound logic has he here displayed! But I fear his wisdom will fail him to prove that assembling from such motives, has not a tendency directly opposite.

Of the female sex I have very different opinions from those expressed by your young correspondent. I think I know many young women who are "practically religious," and who have never frequented places for divine worship to have their "vanity flattered" by "the particular attentions of our sex"—but who from a conviction of the awfulness of coming professedly to worship the divine majesty, are rather disposed to detach their minds and thoughts from temporal objects, and to be found acceptable to him, who has said "If any man love any thing more than me, he is not worthy of me." —I think I have also known many women who "could keep their thoughts to themselves" so far as was proper, and who were perhaps *quite* as guarded in their expressions as is HALF FORTY!— And, I think I have known many who were not "emulous of being seen," but who possessing the native and winning modesty of their sex, have wished rather to retire from the public gaze, than be exposed to the observations of a mixed multitude.

"Before concluding" I hope I may say a few words to young HALF FORTY —I would ask him why he is so anxious to make us believe he is not "implicated in PHILENIA's charge?" and I would ask how he comes in his concluding remarks to admit the meekness of that sex whom he has before charged in toto with dispositions so opposed to meekness? and further, how he came to be so honest as to admit that his own observations were virulent?—as to his concern, lest they should be thought "severe," I believe he may rest easy; no one will deem a piece *severe* which is not true; its want of correctness takes away the *edge* and leaves it *dull* indeed.

PALEY.

4th mo. 20th, 1805.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Address to the Members of the three Monthly Meetings of Friends in the City of Philadelphia.

Our minds have been sorrowfully affected under the consideration of the many failures and bankruptcies which of latter times have taken place among us, to the wounding the testimony of truth, the reproach of our Christian profession, and the ruin and distress of individuals and families. Of the causes which have led thereto we do very fully disapprove, and declare our disunity with; and as we seriously wish that more instances of this kind may be avoided, we think it right to warn and caution all against improperly grasping after the things of this world, and engaging in hazardous undertakings out of the counsel and wisdom of truth, whereby they may be rendered incapable of being punctual to their promises, and just in the payment of their debts.

Repeated and salutary advices have been given, both publicly and in private, which if attended to, would have preserved many who have fallen into great straits and difficulties.

Many causes which might be enumerated have contributed to produce these sorrowful effects; but there is one that has particularly engaged our attention, to wit, The practice of giving and taking promissory notes, called accommodation paper, and endorsing them one for another, and thus improperly becoming sureties, sometimes even to a greater amount than such

parties are capable of paying....How much better would it be, to be contented with such trade and business as are within the reach of our capitals; and never to enter into any engagements or promises without providing funds of our own to comply with them punctually?

We are also engaged to caution every individual against imprudently entering into joint securities with others; for by these practices, many inocent wives and children have been inevitably and unexpectedly involved in ruinous and deplorable circumstances. We therefore earnestly desire Friends to keep strictly on their guard, that none through any specious pretences of rendering acts of friendship to others with safety to themselves, may risque their own peace and reputation, and the security of their families: in order hereunto, we recommend the salutary advice of the wise man to their special notice and regard....." Be not thou one of them that strike hands, or of them that are sureties for debts: If thou hast nothing to pay, why should he take away thy bed from under thee?"

Finally dear Friends, we recommend all to attend carefully to the principle of grace and truth in their own minds, which is sufficient to preserve and keep us from falling; and leads to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly.

Signed, by appointment, on behalf of the said meetings, respectively held the 26th, 27th, and 29th of the Third month, 1805.

DAVID BACON,
JOHN PARRISH,
JACOB TOMPKINS,
JOHN ELLIOTT,
NICHOLAS WALN,
DANIEL DRINKER.

[There is much natural description, sweetness, simplicity, and filial piety in the following lines. The child who can read them without feeling a glow of affection for his parents, has but little sensibility or humanity in his breast.]

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sang sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head
When sleeping on my cradle-bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I'd got to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,
My Mother?

Ah! no: the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My Mother.

[*Bee.*]

ON THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

That the influence of the fair sex gives a bias to the moral conduct of our sex, is an axiom that has stood the test of ages. Women, conscious of their natural imbecility to govern men by dint of force, soon found out a more gentle way of subduing them. By captivating their minds and securing their hearts, they gained that ascendency over them, which has been attended with the happiest consequences, and which can never be lost but in an age of the greatest depravity. As long as beauty can charm, or virtue endear, shall the influence of women last; since nothing but an universal degeneracy among men, can possibly suppress it. Such a degeneracy, what fatality must attend! For when the love of woman is excluded the breast of man, what baneful passions will he not substitute in its place! Against such an unwished for period how justly does the sage philosopher (Rosseau) exclaim:—Wo be to the age wherein women lose their influence, and their judgments are disregarded by men! It is the last stage of depravity. All civilized people have paid due regard to women.—Reflect on Sparta, reflect on the Germans, reflect on Rome; Rome, the seat of glory and of virtue, if ever they had place on earth. It was there that the women honoured the exploits of the renowned Generals, that they publicly wept over the fathers of their country, that their vows or lamentations were held sacred as the most solemn judgments of the republic. All the grand revolutions were brought about by Women: through a *Woman*, Rome obtained liberty: through a *Woman*, the Plebians acquired the Consulship; a *Woman* put an end to the tyranny of the Decemvirs; by means of *Women*, Rome, when on the brink of destruction, was screened from the resentment of an enraged and victorious outlaw." Hence may men learn the due value of women, whose influence, when extended to the heart, inspires it with the most heroic virtue. Hence they may see the necessity of prizing those whom it is their interest to esteem. And ye, O sons of Columbia! whose generous breasts can best feel the force of love and beauty, be it your peculiar province to justify the fair daughters of virtue, and may their smiles be your sweet reward.

[*Bost. W. Mag.*

The following verses were the early production of a poet, whose works have been lately published in England; it was written when the author was but 16 years of age; I do not doubt its acceptance with your readers, for whose amusement I have selected it. Its insertion will at least oblige your friend

CAMPANIA.

RETIREMENT.

Nigh where, with crystal stream, the impetuous rill,
Hoarse-murmuring flows, adown the fertile vale;
Where Sylvan shades adorn the moss-crown'd hill,
And bending poplars court the whispering gale;

How sweet, with mind contemplative, to stray,
(Far from the scene where mirth intemperate reigns)
What time slow twilight shades the face of day,
And awful stillness rules the shadowy plains;

Save where, with warbling note amidst the grove,
Sweet Philomela tunes her evening song;
Whilst for her consort's loss, the woodland dove
Complaining coos, the towering elms among.

For this the sage forsakes the gilded dome,
And hither oft, with devious pace, retires;
Here musing Contemplation loves to roam;
Here solitude the serious thought inspires.

Tired of the world and pleasure's giddy sphere,
Hither, with wandering steps, oft let me stray;
Whilst true repentance prompts the swelling tear,
And the still voice of Truth directs my way.

PART OF A WELSH SERMON.

A Bride should have nine qualifications beginning with the letter P, viz.—

Piety, Person and Parts; Patience, Prudence and Providence; Privilege, Parentage and Portion; but that which should be first of all and most of all in consideration, which is Piety, is now a days the least of all and last of all, and with many none at all; and that which should be least of all and last of all in consideration, which is Portion, is now become first of all, most of all, and with many all in all.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

If by drawing your manure only one hundred rods, and spreading it four inches deep on one acre of land for planting, you can obtain an hundred bushels of corn per acre, what a pity it is to draw it four hundred rods, and spread it over eight acres, by spreading it half an inch thick, and obtaining only forty bushels per acre, with all the additional fatigue of man and beast.

Farmers, consider which is most to your advantage, to economise in this line, or continue to work as it were at arm's end, by extending your manure too far and too thin. Certainly the more compact your interest, the easier can you govern and fence it.

To prevent peach trees from being injured by the worm.

In the spring, when the blossoms are out, clear away the dirt so as to expose the root of the tree to the depth of three inches; surround the tree with straw about three feet long, applied lengthwise, so that it may have a covering, one inch thick, which extends to the bottom of the hole, the butt-ends of the straw resting upon the ground at the bottom—bind this straw round the tree with three bands, one near the top, one at the middle, and the third at the surface of the earth, then fill up the hole at the root, with earth, and press it closely round the straw. When the white frosts appear, the straw should be removed, and the tree remain uncovered until the blossoms put out in the spring.

By this process, the fly is prevented from depositing its egg within three feet of the root, and although it may place the egg above that distance, the worm travels so slow that it cannot reach the ground before frost, and therefore is killed before it is able to injure the tree.

"The truth of the principle is proved by the following fact. I practised this method with a large number of peach-trees, and they flourished remarkably, without any appearance of injury from the worm, for several years, when I was induced to discontinue the straw with about twenty of them—*all those which are without the straw have declined, while the others which have had the straw, continue as vigorous as ever.*" Thus far Mr. E.

"To guard against frost, plant the trees where the water will run off, and procure the sweetest and richest fruit, as the inferior qualities are more injured by cold.

"The splitting of the tree at the forks, is guarded against by preserving as many upright branches as can be spared, by breaking off in bearing years, more than half the quantity of fruit while small, and by pruning almost the whole of every branch beyond where the fruit is set, leaving only a few buds on each of the succeeding year's fruit. The size of the fruit is by these means rendered larger, more beautiful, and of a higher flavour, and the growth of the tree is rendered more vigorous."

[*Domes. Encycl.*]

ANECDOTE.

The following will serve to shew the unpardonable ignorance of a young lady in regard to the signification of a common word.

A young gentleman lately remarking to a young lady that it was now fashionable for his sex to have their hair *curtail'd* behind—she replied that she *knew* they were still *great* admirers of *dogs*, but thought that the fashion of having their hair *cur-tailed* had long since changed.

[With all due deference to the opinion of the learned, we query whether the above does not rather discover the acuteness of wit than betray *unpardonable ignorance.*]

COLLINS' BIBLE.

The religious world will learn with pleasure, that the celebrated American Edition of the Bible, originally printed and published by Isaac Collins of Trenton and universally known by the name of "COLLINS' BIBLE," is about to be republished, by the same printer, at New York. The preference which this edition claimed, consisted in the neatness of the printing, and the quality of the paper; but especially in the remarkable correctness of the typography. A more correct edition, it is said, has never been executed at Oxford or Cambridge. It possessed the advantage of containing also the excellent notes of Osterwald. In order to accommodate every class of readers, these notes were not introduced in the margin, but between the Old and New Testaments; and would therefore be bound up with the work, or not; as should best suit the wishes of the purchasers. The same accommodation was also had in view with regard to the Apocrypha; as some persons do not choose to have this incorporated with their Bible. Besides these advantages, a Concordance was also added.

The established reputation of this excellent Bible, has induced other printers to adopt it as their standard, and to notify in their title-page, as a recommendation, that they print from "COLLINS' EDITION." As the *real* edition is now out of print, and not to be obtained at any price, a correct new impression becomes very desirable. That in contemplation is intended to be a *fac simile* of the former one; and as it is to be executed by the *same printer*, the public may anticipate that it will not, in any respect, be inferior.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The British Government, according to a late London paper, have contracted with a mercantile house in the West Indies, for a supply of 500 African negroes from the age of 16 to 30, to serve as soldiers in the leeward islands. The contract to be completed within a year. Application had been made by the contractors to merchants of London and Liverpool, for assistance in completing the engagement; and a merchant of the latter place had agreed to furnish 100 at 55 guineas per head!!!!

The sense of Parliament now appears, from the great majorities on the important questions lately discussed, to be decidedly in favour of administration. The country has received with satisfaction and sanctioned with its warmest approbation, the decision of its Representatives. The language held by all the members of administration, proves that the most perfect concord reigns in the cabinet, and that the tales of jealousy and dissention so industriously circulated of late, are entirely without foundation.

Ireland, according to a recent enumeration, contains 12,001,200 Irish acres, 687,118 houses, and 5,496,944 inhabitants.

A Madrid Gazette states, that Bonaparte had consented to Moreau's taking the command of the Spanish army—that he had been sent, with several French engineers, to reconnoitre the ground most favourable for erect-

ing fortifications for besieging Gibraltar, and that he had informed his Catholic Majesty, that if he would furnish him an army of 60,000 men, he would forfeit his life if he did not take Gibraltar. This army was immediately granted, and the attack was to commence without delay.

According to the last accounts from New South Wales, the colony continues every year to improve, and considering the character of the majority of its inhabitants, in a state of tolerable good order and tranquility. The natives in the neighbourhood of Portland Head had committed some enormities, in consequence of which a detachment of New South Wales Corps had been sent to the relief of the settlers. A few of the hostile natives having fallen, the remainder dispersed. "Since then," says a letter from Portland Head, "their rancour has greatly subsided, or, at all events, its consequences have become much less injurious than before, and many signified a desire of returning to their accustomed habits, without which the wants peculiar to the savage state must be felt with increased severity, as well from the loss of the succour afforded them by the settlers, as from the relaxation produced by a long state of dependence upon the bounty of their benefactors." The crops of corn had been abundant, beyond all precedent, and the agricultural state of the colony was, on the whole, improved to a most promising and gratifying degree.

By Greenock papers we learn that Dr. Robison, professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, is lately deceased. He was one of the most profound mathematicians of the age, and made several important improvements in mechanical philosophy. His scientific productions, though little known in this country, are prized by the learned of Europe. Dr. Playfair, ex-professor of mathematics in the same University, has succeeded him.

It is observable that Dr. Rotheram, professor of Natural Philosophy in the neighbouring University of St. Andrews, died about the same time.

From the same source we learn that the medical world has lost one of its most valuable members by the death of the celebrated Dr. Wm. Buchan, in the 76th year of his age; a man who, perhaps beyond all others, simplified the language and doctrines of medicine, and, by adapting his style to ordinary understandings, stripped the science of its mysteries, and in fact taught every one to be his own physician.

His *Domestic Medicine* is doubtless one of the most useful books on the subject in any language: and his *Advice to Mothers*, cannot be too much recommended.

Domestic.—Exports of Flour and meal, from the Port of Philadelphia, from the 1st January to the 31st March, 1805, both inclusive, taken from the outward entries in the Custom-House:

33,705	barrels flour,
2,381	half do.
782	barrels rye flour,
685	hogsheads Indian corn meal,
2,477	barrels do.
80	half do.

Several vessels lately arrived at Salem, (Mass.) having passed through large schools of fish, on soundings, floating upon the surface of the water. One vessel was near 3 hours in clearing them. Capt. Dorkindorff, arrived at Boston, hove out his boat, and took in several by hand, of two kinds. He thus describes them;—The large fish 3 feet long, 11 inches across just below the head; 3½ inches thick; a flap or comb near the head, on the top of the back; a small fin the whole length of the back; nearly a swallow tail; two fins just below the head, on the belly; a fin on each side and near the head; the head large and thick; the back, sides, and fins of grey, yellow and white regular speckles; the belly of faint gold colour and white; the jaws something like a shark's, with large and small teeth." Another says—"April 3, caught ten large fish of the cod kind, but different from our northern cod, floating on the surface of the sea, on their backs, apparently dead; but they revived on being exposed to the sun. They were in a torpid state, from the extreme cold, occasioned by a N. E. wind on soundings"

Several of the curious fishes abovementioned have been brought to this city by a Nova Scotia coaster, which were picked up southward of Long Island, on soundings.—So remarkable an appearance of innumerable fishes of an unknown kind, floating apparently lifeless on the water, it is hoped may have been further attended to; especially as they appear to have so far extended along the coast. Mr. Peale has one of them in the Museum without the head, the boatman having cut off the heads not to injure the sale of them; they are nevertheless excellent eating, and in reality a curious fish.—It is hoped that some of them with their heads, however disgusting to fish-eaters, may be procured, to replace this imperfect specimen. Perhaps more extraordinary animals remain to be discovered in the ocean than are already known; and to this end those can greatly contribute who spend most of their time on that element.

Pick Pockets.—Instances have lately occurred in this city which leave no room to doubt its being infested with a gang of villains who live upon plundering the pockets of incautious strangers. These wretches push themselves into auction-rooms and other places of crowded resort, and there exert their villainous dexterity. Yesterday, a country merchant lost several thousand dollars in this manner; but as the notes are remembered so as to be particularly described, it is hoped the thief cannot escape detection.

Wheel of Fortune.—A number of gentlemen of Lexington, (Ken.) with the magistrate and sheriff, proceeded to the house in which this gaming table had been for some time exhibited—seized on, and publicly burnt it in the court house yard. Report says that about 4000 dollars had been taken by the proprietors of this wheel, during the short time it was played in Lexington.

Schools.—Half a million acres of the public lands of the state of N. York have been appropriated by the Legislature at its late session, for the benefit of *Common Schools*.

The Season is uncommonly forward;—vegetation is bursting from the earth; and the trees are assuming their new livery. The lilac bud appeared as early as the third of this month. Sallad seed was sown in the interior of New York as early as the first of March; and sallad was pulled for the table the 27th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ariel's return is welcomed as that of a valued friend. It inspires us with a hope that others of our former correspondents will also renew their visits. To a favourite bard we repeat as an invitation, the advice of Ariel:

> "Roland, touch again thy lyre,
> Few, like thee, melodious sing."

The Subscriber who favoured us with the valuable piece on the influence of women, as an original production, is probably not aware that it has already appeared in an eastern paper, or perhaps he thought it not a matter of moment. We, however, think differently—and wish it were an *undeviating* rule with Editors, to give every selection its proper derivation.

Jack Sailor is laid up till next tide; we may then probably get him afloat.

To Lucy Linguæ we apologize for declining to insert her petition. Circumstances which affect not the *merits* of her cause, and which have arisen since our first-formed determination, persuade us to move no further in the matter.

Timon and others, necessarily omitted, are intended for our next.

The Wish should have been addressed to Jupiter Capitolinus, the *god* of the silver bow, &c. &c. &c. rather than to the Evening Fire-side.

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